

WHAT WOULD BE A GOOD ROAD LAW?

Daily Republician.

The road subject is not a new one, neither is it old, in the sense that old age weakens vitality. It is rather one of those ghosts "that will not down." The man who is strangled by the dust of these days, may be pardoned if he forgets what it "has been" and what it "will be" again, when the rains and snows of winter are with us once more. But his forgetfulness is destined to be short-lived. Mud, clinging, filthy, unfathomable mud, will soon swallow up in its hideous abysses the few loads of loose stone with which the road maker (?) has blessed the highway.

The deep cuts made by the heavy summer rains, and yet untouched by the repairer, will soon be turned into almost impassable gulches, growing deeper day by day as each passing wheel goes "deeper and deeper still." The solid rocks, the wagon destroyers, the horse killers, the man torturers, that "corduroy" our roads will become more and more terrible as the ground softens and is worn away from their sides. Two trips to the depot instead of one will constitute the winter amusement of many of our people: cures both loud and deep will enliven things a little, but it cannot be said that they will materially improve the situation.

All over the country goes up a protest against bad roads and the cry for something better is so nearly unanimous that there is no minority whose rights need be considered.—The wrong exists, the remedy is to be found. We excuse or blame the supervisors, as our personal relations with them happen to be close or otherwise; and we all fall back upon the deplorable indefinite "they," and there pile up huge mountains of criticism and fault-finding. "They" ought to do this, "they" ought to do that, "they" ought not to do this, "they" ought not to do that.

So the time passes and we, year after year, flounder through the same old mud holes and bump over the same eternal rocks that toughened the shins of our fathers.

We know that our road fund is totally inadequate to make all the roads good, but we take peculiar delight in saying that the paltry sum spent on X road was badly invested because Y road needs money too. If Mr. Supervisor spends five dollars here, some fellow-citizen rises in his corner somewhere else to remark that twenty-five dollars are needed near his place. If it is told that there are no twenty-five dollars left, he grumblingly betakes himself to hugging and petting his little grievance, washes his hands of the whole matter of public improvement, and henceforth belongs to the ranks of those who could have done better than "they."

Seriously and practically, are we not wasting time? Could we not better spend our time devising some scheme for bettering the condition of affairs? We know we have bad roads, we know we want better and we know we haven't the money to build them. You gentlemen who aspire to represent us in the State Legislature, what have you to propose? We are anxious to vote for you, (not all of us for the same ones) but we want to know what you all expect to do about roads. Of course you are in favor of better roads; we take that for granted and you need not waste any of your precious spirit speaking breath to tell us that, but what are you going to do? The true statesman creates policies. Let us hear yours. Instead of discussing roads hereafter, let us discuss the proper way to raise money and to spend it in building roads. It is an easy matter to deplore the woful condition of our roads and to dissent upon the advantages that good roads would bring us. Are we not past that stage of our development? Let us set about suggesting and carrying out ways and means.

Some one has suggested that our county be divided into small districts, so small as to contain practically one neighborhood each, so that the interests of the people of each district will be substantially identical; and to them, in some way place the whole matter of roads in the district in the hands of its people. The immediate result would be that some neighborhoods would have good roads and, perhaps, some might have no better than they have at present. This would be a distinct gain, because none are now above reproach. It would seem that this scheme would combine two powerful forces in the cause of road improvement—self-interest and local pride.

If a man knew that his money would be spent where he individually would be benefited by it, he would not object to paying twice as much in taxes. Then, each neighborhood would, in time, come to take a pride in having as good roads as any other—Every time a man found he could haul a hundred pounds more at a load and haul it easier than formerly, his interest in the movement would increase.

If some one sees an objection to this scheme, let him state it, and propose a better. The object of this article is to start a discussion on this subject. We are all agreed as to what we want, let us find out how to get it.

FINLON.

AMHERST KLONDIKE.

Mr. Clark Lettich has a Gold Mine on His Farm.

According to Mr. L. Clark Lettich, the neighborhood in Amherst where he resides, three miles from this city, is another Klondike.

Mr. Lettich says years ago an old German who visited here told his father that there was plenty of gold on the farm, but as Mr. Lettich was well fixed with this world's goods, he paid no attention to the statement beyond telling the stranger that if there was gold in the ground it could stay there until he needed it.

Lately gold-bearing quartz has been found in the neighborhood, and some of it very rich, which moved Mr. Lettich to get out some specimens.

They were examined by experts in Baltimore, and pronounced to be gold beyond a doubt.

Mr. Lettich's place is full of just such quartz as gold is found in, and he is confident that he has a bonanza. Lately he secured the services of an expert miner, and will put him to work and see what can be done.

The miner examined the surroundings and said every indication pointed to gold.—Lynchburg Press.

Wool.

Wool Record.] Wool is good property. Wool growers, dealers and manufacturers are all of the opinion. Stocks of domestic wool are now in the hands of those who are disposed to hold it for a heavy advance. Foreign wool is comparatively scarce, it is thought by good judges that when our domestic supply is sufficiently exhausted to warrant fresh importation, the holder of foreign wools will have advanced their ideas and will maintain prices.

It is predicted that American buyers will be found in the London markets this fall, and the consensus of opinion is that the present prosperity is simply the preliminary indication of the greatest revival of business the wool industry has ever seen.

Such ideas are not limited to one class or section, but are held by the whole national industry, showing a wonderful unanimity of opinion extending from ocean to ocean, from lake to gulf, and strengthened more by the actions than by the words of its promoters.

Sheep men are buying sheep, dealers and manufacturers are purchasing wool, and sellers are dealing only when they realize they are getting the highest market price, or making a substantial profit.

We may safely predict a rich harvest for the grower, and a generous slice of good times for wool men generally.

Prosperous in Spite of Itself.

Denver Times-Silver.]

The gold output is almost certain to put Colorado in the lead of all the other gold-producing States and Colorado will receive the benefit of several million dollars in excess of last year from this, the gold product alone. The wheat crop is larger by one and a half million bushels than last year and brings 50 per cent higher prices. Oats, potatoes, vegetables, fruits and other farm products share in the high prices and were never before produced in such large quantities. The stock men are getting higher prices for cattle and sheep than for several years. The wool men and sheep growers are receiving better prices than for many years.

It Saves the Croupy Children.

SKAVEN, VA.—We have a splendid sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and our customers coming from far and near, speak of it in the highest terms. Many have said that their children would have died of croup if Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had not been given.—Kellam & Sons, Druggists, Tazewell, Va.

PLOTTED TO KILL CZAR NICHOLAS.

Warsaw. Sept. 28.—A deliberate and determined plot was laid to kill Emperor Nicholas at the time of his recent visit to this city. Its success was only frustrated by accident.

Several weeks before the arrival of the Imperial party a number of persons, supposed to belong to the German Socialist party, undermined the principal street in Warsaw, between the Governor General's palace and the royal castle.

As the tunnel, which had been broken through from the cellar, from a beer house approached completion, the conspirators became apprehensive of a collapse of the roadway and called in several Polish men to build supports.

The masons, whose suspicions were aroused, notified the police, and 130 arrests followed.

Among those in custody are four disguised German officers, either on leave or belonging to the Landwehr, which had been active in the actual work of tunneling. A number of merchants and manufacturers from the town of Lodzy, Poland, are also implicated.

YELLOW FEVER ABATES.

Situation in New Orleans is Quite Hopeful.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 28.—At noon today four new cases of yellow fever had been reported. Dr. Guiteras is still here. He said he is inclined to believe that the yellow fever was imported into New Orleans from the coast town before it was discovered in Orleans Springs. This he thinks, accounts for the numerous cases here.

He also says that the popular fallacy that colored people are immune has been thoroughly exploded. He thinks they help largely to spread the disease.

There was no violence attempted last night by the people who have been making threats against the Bearegard school. The School Board last night decided on an indefinite postponement of the opening of the schools.

A number of cities of Louisiana have sent assurances that they will meet Dr. Oliphant and Dr. Carter half way tomorrow and lend their co-operation in modifying quarantine restrictions. Business is looking up. No one considers that the local situation will grow any worse.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No. 10. It is the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

MUSTAPHA BEY GOES OFF MAD.

The Turkish Minister Quits Usual Courtroom in Leaving.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 30.—Officials at the State Department were surprised to learn to-day through private sources that Mustapha Bey, the recently recalled Turkish Minister, had sailed for China from New York early last week.

State Department officials deny that anything but the most cordial relations exist between the representatives of the two countries, but this denial is naturally weakened by the fact that Mustapha Bey in leaving this country omitted all the courtesies usual under such circumstances.

It is said that the retiring Turkish Minister told the officials of the State Department responsible for his failure to carry out the mandates of the Sultan regarding the claims against American citizens now residing in the Orient.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Dr. John Henry Barrows, president of the World's Parliament of Religions, does not consider the religion of the Hindoos a definite system.

Deacon David F. Cushing, of Cambridgeport, Vt., has kept the same store in that place for fifty-four years. He hopes to make it sixty years.

Governor Lou V. Stephens, of Missouri, will ride a bicycle at the head of a great bicycle parade to be held soon in St. Louis. Governor Stephens and his wife both ride a great deal.

Palmer Cox is said to have found the originals of his famous brownies in some old Scotch tradition which tell of little brown folks, all of the male sex, whose great mission was that of helping the human race.

That Senator Mason is not letting his ambitions for the freedom of Cuba rest during his vacation is shown by the fact that he recently addressed the students of the Illinois University in behalf of the stricken island.

Mr. E. Howard Dawson, of Cincinnati, has a rare relic, which he values very highly. It is a suit of clothing, "homespun," made by Mrs. Andrew Jackson for his grand further, the Hon. Moses Dawson, a staunch Democrat and a warm friend of General Jackson.

Booth-Tucker, the commander of the Salvation Army, while speaking in Denver of his proposed colonization project explained why he had not had offers of lands from some States by saying that they were in the position of the old lady who lived in her shoe. She had so many children she didn't know what to do.

Mrs. John Hay, wife of the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, said recently while on a visit to her mother in Cleveland, "During the season London is constantly in a whirl of gaiety. Social events come thick and fast. Colonel Hay and myself were kindly received. We have enjoyed ourselves greatly since we have been in London, and the Colonel is very popular."

A DOUBLE DEATH.

AS I look back now it seems to me that I must always have been in love with Bertha Maxwell. Certainly I know that if I try to fix the time when it became an accepted fact, upon which I thought while awake, and dreamed a thousand tender dreams while sleeping, I find it quite impossible to do so. As a matter of fact, we had grown up together. Herbert Maxwell, the banker of B—, and my own dear old governor, who was a retired colonel and lived on his pension and a small but convenient income, when certain and sure through his death, had been life-long friends. And so when my father returned from 20 years' service in India, it was taken for granted that he would settle down in B— and pass the evening of his life with the dear old child of his boyhood.

Whether these two, as they sat over their evening "grog," laid plans and wove schemes for the united fortunes of Bertha and myself I have never known; but the ill-concealed grief my father displayed when certain untoward events came between us, and for a long, dreary, hopeless time blotted the sun from our sky, led me to believe so.

At any rate, Bertha's budding girlhood and my awkward boyhood were spent together. We played tennis, we went fishing, we took long walks through the beautiful country which surrounded B—, and so we inseparably grew into each other's lives, and became a daily necessity to each other.

At this time Bertha was to me the most beautiful of human beings—in deed, she is so still—and never for a single moment has anyone else seemed quite so fair or so lovely. Her figure was lithe and graceful; her step, when she walked, buoyant with overflowing health; and her cheeks dyed with that rich hue so often seen in those of southern birth; while her eyes were at once serene and thoughtful, or brimming over with mirth and mischief. She had a thousand little ways peculiar to herself, all of which, I now know, endeared her to me.

However, I must come to my story, for if I run on about Bertha I shall never cease. The hair is frosty about my temples now, and my step is not so quick as it once was, but a little lady who now walks beside me through the same green lanes often looks up archly in my face and says: "Dad, you do like to talk about mother!" And so I do.

Well, the time came for me to go away to complete my education. When we married—I remember it as if it were yesterday—Bertha kissed me over and over again. It was, however, only as a young and innocent girl she kissed me; and as she stood in the doorway between my father and hers, waving a tearful farewell, it was to a chum and a playmate of childhood only that her "adieux" were given.

Four years passed swiftly away. I occasionally saw Bertha, and I, in fact, knew that the camaraderie of our childhood was at an end. Bertha had grown into the most queenly creature in the

A. GOODMAN,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Foreign and Domestic Liquors and Wines. Pabst Milwaukee Beer.

POCAHONTAS, VA.

PRICE LIST.

WHISKIES.		Quart	Gallon
Overholt, guaranteed 10 yrs		\$1.50	\$4.00
Finch's Golden Wedding		1.25	5.00
Gibson's Pure Rye		1.25	5.00
Goodman's (1860) Private		1.15	4.50
Stock		1.00	4.00
Belle of Nelson		1.00	4.00
Springdale 1875 Rye		1.00	3.75
Baker's Pure Rye		1.00	3.50
Old Time Kentucky Rye		.80	3.20
White Mills Old Bourbon		.75	2.75
Old Virginia Glades rye		.75	2.50
Old Velvet		.75	2.50
Highland Pure Kentucky		.60	2.20
Bourbon		.60	2.20
McBayer Kentucky		.60	2.20
Imperial Cabinet		.50	2.00
Commercial Rye		.50	1.50
Duffey's Malt Whisky		1.00	
White Oak Rye (4 years)		.75	2.70
Canada Malt		.75	
Old Crow		.75	
Pure White Rye		Per Gallon	
North Carolina Corn		1.50 to 2.20	
IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC BRANDIES		Quart	Gallon
California Grape		\$1.00	\$4.00
Distilled Blackberry		1.25	5.00
WHISKIES.		Quart	Gallon
Jamaica Rum		\$1.00	\$4.00
Old London Dock Rum		1.50	5.00
Oporto Rum		1.00	4.00
New England Rum		.75	2.50
Genuine Irish Whisky		.75	
Garni Scotch Malt		1.75	
Jameson's Irish		1.75	
John Jameson & Son, Dublin		1.75	
CHAMPAGNES.		Bottle	Gal.
G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra		\$3.25	
Dry		\$1.75	
Piper Heidsieck, Grand Sec. 175		3.25	
Gold Seal Extra Dry		1.00	
Werner's Extra Dry		.75	
Moet, Fils et Cie Epinay		1.25	
COGNAC.		Bottle	Gal.
Jas. Hennessy & Co**		\$2.25	\$8.00

world, and had taken her place, quite undisputed, as the belle of B—. Her manner with me was as charming as ever, but there was a slight constraint at such times as we were altogether alone; not the constraint of formality, but that of diffidence. For my part, I found that instead of decreasing her attractions to me, my absence had served to enhance them. To me she was then, what she ever has been, the one woman in the world. Every day I resolved to put my fate to the test, but hesitation, born of timidity, prevented me, and the time passed away without my ever giving utterance to the words of love and passion which I longed to speak.

But if I hesitated, there were others more bold—indeed, Bertha, at every "garden party," or other social function in the neighborhood, was always the center of a group of devoted admirers. Among them all Royal Phelps was preeminent alike for his handsome person and for a certain fascination of manner which made him popular with men and women alike. He stood over six feet, had fair hair and blue eyes, and an athletic frame in which grace and strength were equally apparent.

Bertha, while appearing to share the general admiration for him, never seemed quite at ease in his presence, and it was perhaps this evident constraint whenever he was present which led my father to chaff me pleasantly one evening after dinner by saying:

"Charlie, my boy, you had better not let your bird of paradise remain uncaged much longer, or some one else may catch it!" And then the dear old fellow laughed and winked at me mysteriously, as though he were quite in the know.

I think it was the presence of Royal Phelps and many suggestive hints about his devotion to Bertha which finally determined me to put to the test my chance of happiness with her.

It was a bright and lovely day in June, and a large party had assembled upon the spacious lawn in front of our "bunglow," as my father always called his house. Bertha had never seemed to me so fair, so altogether worthy of my love and my life. Early in the afternoon, for she had come before the rest, I was in arranging for our numerous guests, I had seen her color rise as I made some slight remark about her appearance, and as our hands met I thought hers trembled. Was it my imagination? Or was she, too, like me, longing to acknowledge her love?

"I shall not be with you long, Bertha," I said, hoping thus to prepare the way for my proposal. "I shall be leaving for Hong Kong within a month to take up my appointment."

"Yes, yes, Charlie, I have heard it all from father; he says you passed your 'exams' with flying colors. I am so glad!" "Glad! glad of the fate which banishes me from England, and from—"

"But she did not let me finish the sentence. "No, of course not that; it will be awfully lonely without you, and the old place won't seem like itself a bit; but still, you're a man, and you have got to make your name and way in the world, and I'm glad that you are making so good a start!"

"I could look forward to my life in the east, dear, with a great deal more joy if the prospect were not so lonely." Bertha's eyes fell before my ardent gaze, and I fancied that her lips trembled, and I hastened to put an end to the tension we were both under, when a rollicking voice broke in upon us:

"Ah! here you are, Bertha! What, and Charlie, too! Ah! I hope I am not too late. Shall I come again? Ha! ha!" and Royal Phelps' laugh rang out clear and loud, but with a touch of cynicism in its ring.

"Not for the world," replied Bertha, crimsoning to her hair; "we were just trying to arrange the games for the day, and now you can help us." And so the golden moment passed, and the world I had been longing to speak remained unspoken then, and alas! remained unspoken for many bitter years.

Tennis, and gossip, and tea, and laughter, and merry-making soon sped the hours of the day. What I saw and learned in B—, I made me resolve to stay there, for the present at least. I do not know how I came to suspect it, but the suspicion grew, and at last became absolute knowledge, that Royal Phelps was turning the life of the only woman I had ever loved into misery. I had always known him to be of a reckless disposition, but I had not dreamed that he was addicted to gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery. I did not see him often, and I scarcely ever saw Bertha; when I did, her face was so sad—so silently and unconsciously sad—that it was all I could do to look at it and remain quiet. As for Royal, he had grown gross in person and coarse in manner, and scarcely ever seemed quite sober. And so the days passed; from a distance I watched my proud, beautiful darling pine and fade, till I feared that death might step in to interfere where I was powerless. Thus things went on, till one night I was summoned by a message from the news of death. What I saw and learned in B—, I made me resolve to stay there, for the present at least. I do not know how I came to suspect it, but the suspicion grew, and at last became absolute knowledge, that Royal Phelps was turning the life of the only woman I had ever loved into misery. I had always known him to be of a reckless disposition, but I had not dreamed that he was addicted to gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery. I did not see him often, and I scarcely ever saw Bertha; when I did, her face was so sad—so silently and unconsciously sad—that it was all I could do to look at it and remain quiet. As for Royal, he had grown gross in person and coarse in manner, and scarcely ever seemed quite sober. And so the days passed; from a distance I watched my proud, beautiful darling pine and fade, till I feared that death might step in to interfere where I was powerless. 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